

POETRY.

JACK THE EVANGELIST.

I was on the drive, in eighty,
Workin' under Silver Jack,

And he showed as clear as day,
That the Bible was a fake,

And he showed it looked that way,

Miracles, and sick like,

As for him they call the Saviour,

He was just a common man,

You're a liar, some you shouted,

And you've got to take it back,

Then everybody started,

'Twas the voice of Silver Jack,

And he cracked his fists together,

And he snuck his coat, and cried—

"I was by that coal religion,

That my mother loved and died;

And although I haven't fallen,

Used the Lord exactly right,

When I hear a chump abuse Him,

He must eat his words or fight."

Now this Bob he war'n't no coward,

And he answered bold and free:

"Slack your fists, and cut your capers,

For there ain't no flies on me,

And they fought for forty minutes,

And the lads would hoot and cheer,

When Jack spit up a tooth or two,

Or Bobby lost an ear.

Till at last Jack got Bob under,

And slugged him on't or twicer,

At which Bob confessed, almighty quick,

The divinity of Christ;

And Jack kept reasonin' with him

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Mother, I am going back to New York

with Mrs. Wilton as nursery governess to

May and Ethel."

Just one moment before this speech

was made there had been a placid group

of four people sitting round a very scanty

fire, all sewing busily. But one moment

later, three of the faces were lifted in

angry astonishment, three pairs of hands

dropped their work and were raised in

consternation; three shrill voices cried

"Bertha!" in tones of exhortation.

Then, after a moment of silence, Mrs.

Byerson, the pale, careworn mother,

asked:

"May I ask the meaning of such a dis-

graceful speech, Bertha?"

"I am sorry you think it disgraceful,

mamma. I am weary of this false life

we are leading. Look at us! We are lead-

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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Heard Through the Open Window of our

Boarding House.

Open house windows on still summer

nights afford good entertainment for those

sleepless individuals who spend their time

kicking the sheet off and pulling it up.

"For heaven's sake, Maria," peals out a

voice as startling as if from a church yard,

"don't snore so loud. I've done nothing

but invent ways to wake you up ever since

I came to bed. The neighbors will certain-

ly think I am strangling you. Can't you

put on the soft pedal a little? Ease up,

any way, till I get a cent's worth of nap."

"Me enoring!" Maria replies, in sleepy

disregard of grammar. "It's your own

echoes you hear. I haven't had a wink

of sleep. I can't sleep, with you coming

in at all hours of the night and turning up

the gas full till to see if you had dampen-

ed your patent leathers. Me enoring! Never

snored in my life, and you know it. You

didn't know what you were about, and

anyway, when you came in. You said

you had been down in Tav's, and there

ain't any Tav's now. Think I'm a fool? You

got into one of your stupid moods and

hear yourself snore, and then yell

'Maria! Go to sleep, will you, and re-

member there's only one person snores in

this family, and that's you!"

And a deadly silence reigns behind those

windows.

"Mar-mar, is you here?"

"Yes, darling."

"Is par-par here?"

"Yes, darling."

"Is you goin' away to-morrow?"

"Yes, darling."

"Is you goin' in choo-choo?"

"Yes, darling."

"Is you goin' in choo-choo?"

"Yes, darling."

"Is you goin' in choo-choo?"

LYNCH LAW IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Jail Broken Into and Eleven Italian

Prisoners Killed.

A dispatch from New Orleans dated the

16th inst., says that city has not yet re-

covered from one of the most bloody

murders in its history. It occurred there

murder is common and life is held of little

value.

Friday several of the Italians who were

under arrest for the murder of Chief Hen-

nessy on October 15th, 1890, were, much

to the surprise and disgust of every re-

spectable citizen, acquitted of the charge

of being participants in the crime and held

only as accessories. Knowing the charac-

ter of these men, who have been steeped

in crime for years, the citizens were in-

ignant at the actions of the jury, claim-

ing that the jury was composed of men

of the lowest character and that the

jurors were bribed to acquit the

murderers. A mass meeting was held Sat-

urday morning, fiery speeches were made,

and finally the whole crowd rushed for

the prison, crying: "Lynch the Dagoes, lynch

the Dagoes!" It was a mob led by lawyers

and mechanics, men of the highest wealth

and standing, so strong that the authori-

ties made no show of resistance and ac-

cquiesced before it. Indeed, the officers of

the law threw up their hats and cheered

the mob while it was executing its mur-

derous work. The jail was broken into and

11 of the 19 accused Italians were killed,

two suffering death by the rope and nine

shot down.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat com-

menting editorially on the events of Sat-

urday after referring to the laxity of crim-

inal justice in that city for a year or two

says:

"This paralysis of justice was due,

neither to incompetency of the police nor

incapacity of the officials appointed to ad-

SELECT STORY.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER.

BY MARY KYLIE DALLAS.

"Mrs. Bacon! Mrs. Bacon! Mrs.

Bacon!" cried Mrs. de Luce.

"Yes, mamma."

"The housekeeper started to her feet

at the sound of her lady's voice.

"Missus is in a temper," she said to her-

self, and smiled, and looked amiable, hop-

ing to conciliate; but the lady did not

smile in return.

"Mrs. Bacon, my daughter is playing

with a dirty, little tenement-house boy."

Mrs. Bacon turned red.

"Phoebe told me there had been a child

there several days, and that you actu-

ally allowed Gladys to play with him,"

continued the lady. "I refused to believe

it, but she asked me to see for myself. He

is there. What does this mean, Mrs.

Bacon? Who is he?"

"My first cousin's second wife's aunt by

marriage's daughter, ma'am—" began

Mrs. Bacon.

"This boy—" gasped Mrs. Bacon, pluck-

ing up spirit. "I only said that my first

cousin's second wife's aunt by marriage's

daughter lets lodgings since she was a

widow, left with a house of her own; and

one of them died on her with a week's

rent owing, a fortnight ago, and this was

his child; and as for sending it to the

poor-house, who'd have him the heart?

I thought I'd have him in my room

a bit; and he'll do anything you bid him,

and Miss Gladys is just run in; and though

shabby, he is not dirty; and I've given

those old clothes master said I might have

for any poor person, to be made over for

him; and—

"I fail to understand you, Mrs. Bacon,"

exclaimed Mrs. de Luce. "If the lodger

did, I'm sure it is to be lamented. But

why should Gladys be set to play with

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ORGAN AT VERY LOW PRICES, and on as easy terms as any other company on the

INSTALMENT PLAN. Call and See our ORGANS and PRICES.

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ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF Beans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions, and all small Beans, either in bulk or in packages Wholesale and Retail. My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets. Special Discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND. GEO. H. DAVIS, Druggist and Seedsman, CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS. FREDERICTON.

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